

Bed and Breakfast

By Eddie Coleman

Cast

Mrs Daniels, early 50's

Jim, late 40's

Lucy, 30's

Sophie, 19

Peter, 30's

Troy, 18

Script extracts

The play is in four scenes and each scene takes place at breakfast time

- Scene 1 – Guest Jim is having breakfast while landlady Mrs Daniels welcomes new guest Lucy to her guesthouse.
- Scene 2 – Jim tries to find out a bit more about the new guests, Peter and Sophie, who are staying at the guesthouse with Lucy.

Bed and Breakfast

Scene 1

(The dining room of a small guesthouse. Mrs Daniels, the landlady, is busy sorting out the breakfasts. After satisfying herself that all the tables are set she rushes out. After a moment, Jim enters and sits in his usual seat. Mrs Daniels rushes in carrying a plate of bacon and scrambled eggs)

Mrs Daniels: Morning Jim.

Jim: *(places his paper down)* Morning, Mrs D.

Mrs Daniels: Bacon and eggs? *(places the plate before Jim)*

Jim: *(winks)* Lovely. *(tucking in)* Still raining I see.

Mrs Daniels: *(noticing an unfolded napkin, which she delicately folds)* Dreadful.

Jim: *(with mouthful of scrambled egg)* Thought you said it was going to stop.

Mrs Daniels: *(with her back to him)* When did I say that?

Jim: Every day so far. *(pause)* How's Mr D?

Mrs Daniels: Slaving away. Like me.

Jim: Well tell him from me, he makes a splendid scrambled egg.

Mrs Daniels: I will.

(Mrs Daniels rushes out and Jim opens his newspaper)

Jim: *(calls out)* Oh, Angie's not going to be joining me this morning.

Mrs Daniels: *(off)* 'be a minute. Not very well?

Jim: No, absolutely worn out.

(Mrs Daniels rushes in with a pot of tea and places it on Jim's table)

Jim: We were up most of the night shagging.

Mrs Daniels: Oh, poor thing. Toast?

Jim: B' lovely.

(Mrs Daniels rushes out again)

Jim: *(calls out)* I'm ravenous after all that exertion, you know. Tried all the positions in the Karma Sutra and even came up with some new ones of our own!

(Mrs Daniels rushes in and places a rack of toast before Jim)

Have you ever read the Karma Sutra, Mrs D?

Mrs Daniels: Can't say it's ever appealed to me? Now don't forget it's lamb cutlets tonight?

Jim: Lamb cutlets, my favourite. You know, animals weren't created just to be eaten, you know. Apparently the Welsh really like a bit of tender lamb, if you get my drift. No marmalade?

Mrs Daniels: *(cross in a jokey sort of way)* Oh, my Charlie's forgotten to lay the marmalade again. Won't be a tic.

(Mrs Daniels rushes out again)

Jim: *(calls out)* Wouldn't mind someone watching us next time...her suggestion.

(Mrs Daniels returns with a jar of marmalade, which she places before Jim)

Mrs Daniels: Forget his head if it wasn't...

(Lucy enters and pauses. Mrs Daniels smiles)

Good morning. Sleep well?

Jim: Morning.

Lucy: Morning. Slept very well. Thank you. *(to Jim)* Hi. Morning.

Jim: I'm Jim. Angie, my wife...she's...

Mrs Daniels: Just arrived last night, haven't you, love? Much to late to fill in a breakfast menu. Never mind. What will you both have?

Lucy: *(to Jim)* I'm Lucy. *(to Mrs Daniels)* My partner won't be long. Just having a wash.

Mrs Daniels: Good. I've placed you by the window, so you get a better view of the garden. *(Lucy sits down)* Perhaps a cup of tea while you're waiting?

Lucy: I'd rather wait till...

Mrs Daniels: We only do one sitting. Coffee perhaps?

(Lucy nods)

Full rich roast or Decaff?

Lucy: Full rich roast, please.

Mrs Daniels: Mug or cup?

Lucy: Cup.

Jim: Clean cup or dirty cup? *(giggles)*

Mrs Daniels: That's not funny, Jim. Coffee coming up.

(Mrs Daniels rushes out to the kitchen. Lucy stares out into the garden. JIM leans towards her)

Jim: *(softly)* I like the word "coming", don't you?

Lucy: Sorry?

Jim: The word "coming". Conjures up all sorts of things. Like a train coming or a bus coming.

Lucy: Pardon?

Jim: Like "coming" here every year. Angie and I *come* here every year. If you've not been before you'll definitely *come* back.

Lucy: Really? Look, if you don't mind, I've got a bit of a headache.

Jim: Isn't that what you're supposed to say before you...?

Lucy: Listen, I'm very tired...okay?

Jim: Okay.

(short pause)

Expect it was the...sex.

Lucy: What!

Jim: You know. First night in a new place. A hotel room. Explains why you're tired.

(Mrs Daniels rushes in with a cup of coffee)

Scene 2

Jim: Get up to much yesterday, you and your friends...?

(Peter shakes his head)

Suppose you couldn't with this weather. Mrs D reckons they'll be sun today. I'm here with the wife but she's upstairs painting her toe-nails. Painting your toe-nails. Can't see the fascination myself. No one ever sees your toes so why paint 'em? Women, eh? Your friends seem...?

(Peter continues to stare out of the window again. Mrs Daniels re-enters carrying a rack of toast)

Mrs Daniels: Toast, Jim. *(to Peter)* Oat Crunchies?

Peter: Coffee. No milk.

Mrs Daniels: Coffee coming up. Anything else, Jim?

Jim: A good rub down with a busty barmaid wouldn't go amiss.

Mrs Daniels: I'll get you another rack of toast then. *(to Peter)* Coffee won't be long.

(Peter nods and Mrs Daniels exits)

Jim: She's not a bad sort, you know. That's why we come here. Been here the last five years. Regulars now. So you and your friends...?

(Before he can finish, SOPHIE enters)

Sophie: Morning. Jim, isn't it?

Jim: That's right. Sophie?

Sophie: Yes. Isn't the weather just awful?

(Sophie sits on the same table as Peter but across from him. Peter continues to stare into the garden)

Jim: Nasty. So do you like your room?

Sophie: Love it. We're in number 8. You?

Jim: Four. Across the hall.

Peter: I'm in 9. Right at the top!

Jim: *(To Sophie)* Tell me, do you paint your toe-nails?

Sophie: What a strange question. Sometimes but it's nicer if somebody else paints them. More sensual.

(Peter stiffens his shoulders)

Jim: Oh. Angie, my wife, she's putting the finishing touches to her tootsies as we speak. What's up with...?*(indicating Peter)*

(Sophie shrugs and Mrs Daniels returns with coffee (for Peter) and toast for Jim)

Mrs Daniels: *(to Peter)* Coffee without milk. *(to Sophie)* Bacon and eggs?

Sophie: Yes please. Shame about the weather.

Mrs Daniels. Yes shame. And for...?

Sophie: She'll just have coffee. She won't be long. Just finishing off in the shower.

Jim: Is she?

Mrs Daniels: Eat up your toast Jim, before it gets cold!

Sophie: So what do you folks do round here when the weather's like this?

Jim: I can give you three guesses.

Mrs Daniels: Jim!

(Jim eats his toast and retreats behind his paper)

Well, we keep a lovely assortment of board games, jigsaws and puzzles.

Sophie: Do you have any Playstation games?

Mrs Daniels: Beg pardon?

Sophie: Never mind. We'll probably go into the village, won't we, Peter?

Peter: *(still staring out the window)* Possibly. Depends on Lucy.

Mrs Daniels: Well, make sure you visit the chine. Black Gang Chine. Flowing waterfalls and old smuggler's tales. One of the Island's best attractions.

Sophie: Thanks. We will.

Mrs Daniels: Oh, look at me gossiping when I should be getting your bacon and eggs.

Sophie: You're not gossiping. You're being nice and helpful. I wish more people were like you. (*Mrs Daniels rushes out*) You feeling better this morning, Peter?

Peter: I'll live.

Sophie: Okay.

End of extracts
